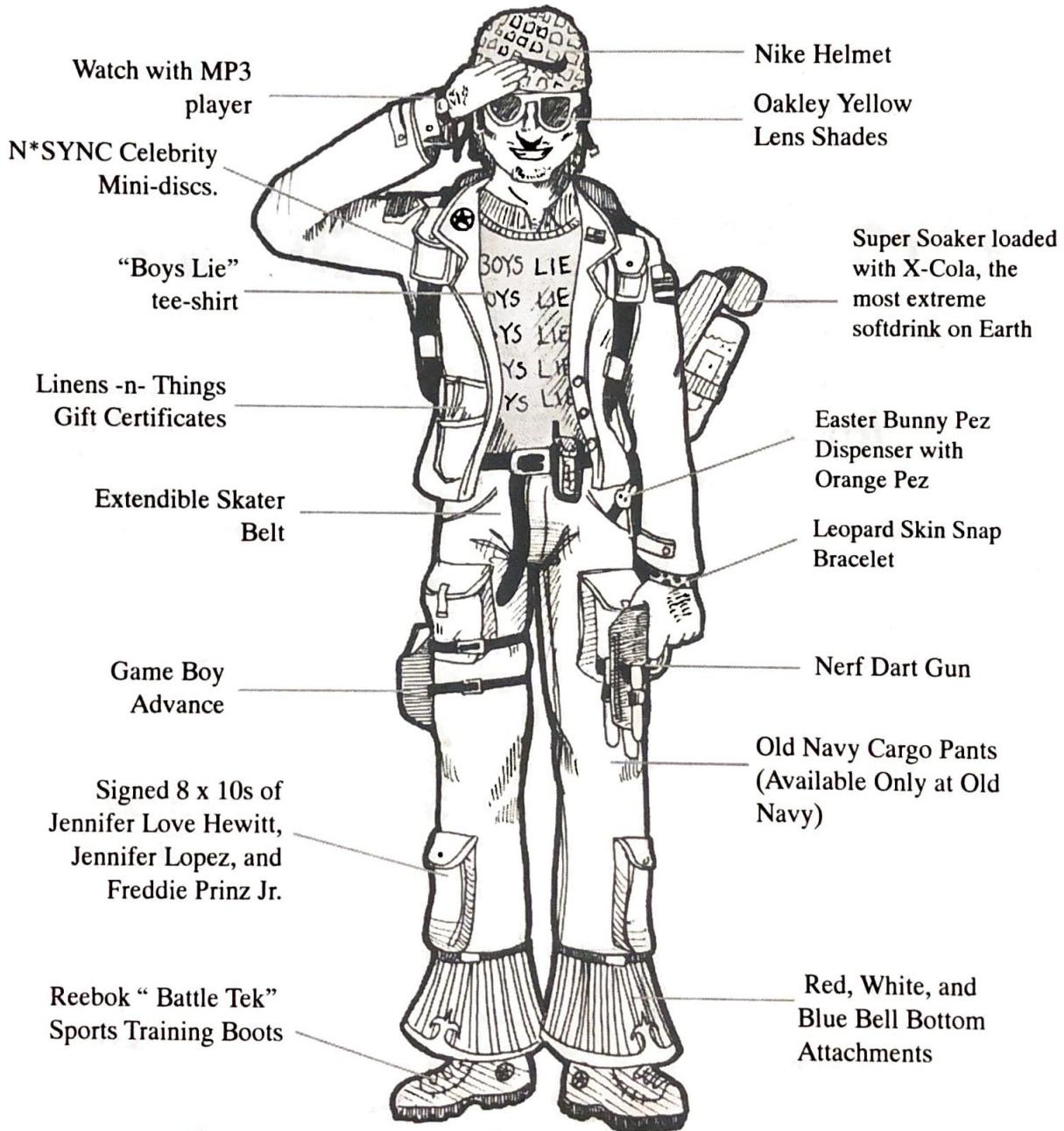


THE MEN

AMERICA'S SUPERCOOL SOLDIER

These supercool troops will be sent into Afghanistan to bring American Prosperity to the troubled peasants. As we stomp out terrorism, we will also help the innocent and down-trodden to enjoy the meaningful, life-improving wonder that is American Prosperity.



Volume 17; Issue 3; October 12, 2001; Hampshire College



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omen

VOLUME 17, NUMBER 3
OCTOBER 12, 2001

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THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIR:

- Views in the Omen* (5)
- Do not necessarily* (7)
- Reflect the staff's views* (5)



to submit

Submissions are due Fridays before noon. You can submit by diskette (Mac or IBM) in rich text or plain text format, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Michael Benni Pierce: Prescott 96C, Box 916, x5014. You may also use e-mail (but please do not use attachments). Send plain text e-mail to mpierce@hampshire.edu. Finally, you may also drop documents in the WilderWorks Omen Folder on the CampusNet IBM Network.

And be sure to read our policy box at the bottom of the next page before submitting.

IT'S TOO EASY TO MAKE FUN OF WAR - WAR IS INHERENTLY FUNNY.

ATTRIBUTED TO
J. WILDER KONSKACH

Cover by J. Wilder Konschak
Back Cover by Shaun Boyle

FROM THE EDITOR

stronger."



With one month of my fourth year here at Hampshire over, I look at the past five years, the many moments of sadness, depression, hate, lust, love, happiness, and joy, and I can only conclude one thing: emotions are a part of who we are. We didn't choose to be born this way. When you think about it, we don't choose much of anything during our lives. However, to be emotionless would only make us inhuman (or, if I were some huge Trekkie or something, I might say Vulcan). No one ever said it was easy being human, and we can only expect out of others what we expect out of ourselves. We've all had similar experiences, felt similar pains. We just have to recognize this, and move on stronger than we were before...

BY MICHAEL BENNI PIERCE

One such human trait that has haunted each of us, or will do so one day if it hasn't yet, is having to face the weakness of your own emotions. Emotions cause us to feel pain, and sorrow, and sadness. Emotions cause us to miss, to be depressed, and to cry. Emotions cause us to get angry, to hurt, and to feel hurt. Whenever I think about this, I always wonder if emotions are worth anything. Period.

Are emotions worth the fleeting happy moments in life? The feeling of a job well done? Are emotions worth the warmth of another body next to yours for the possibility of years and years? Just think about this for a moment. Seriously consider your life. When you think back, how much of your life was spent being happy? It's hard thinking about it because we seem to block out the bad memories after a while, leaving only the ones we want to think about. Who wants to think about the day a loved one died, or the lost love that was never meant to be? Instead, we think solely about spending time with our family on happy Christmas mornings, or first kisses like none other we've ever experienced. The bad times simply cease to exist, falling into the category, "... what doesn't kill you makes you

The *Omen* is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, firstborn, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The *Omen* will also not edit anything you write (except spelling and grammar), as long as you are willing to be completely responsible for what you say. You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and

understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the *Omen* do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

Columnists are those who've submitted three consecutive articles. Layout editors are those who've helped put this particular issue together. There is no *Omen* staff, the "staff" changes with each issue. To qualify for community service you must be a columnist and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings: every other Tuesdays (each following the release of an issue), in the Airport Lounge, 9PM. Everyone, everywhere, living and dead, should come.

The *Omen* loves you





News, Commentary,
Announcements,
Propaganda,
Editorials.

"LOOK AT ME, I WROTE AN ARTICLE. IT SUCKS. BUT IT'S AN ARTICLE"

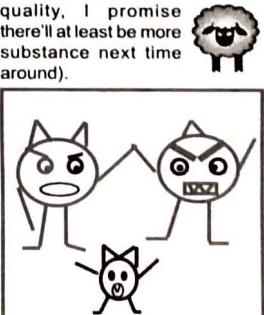
My narcissism has grown seeming kind of liberal fascism by leaps and bounds under the name of "community norms," seemed infinitely more offensive than the *Omen* could ever be. I read the next several back to High School levels and issues to see the responses to my third year I find it's almost ever be. I'm ready to write my first *Omen* these matters and found to my article, something I've contemplated for a long time but for most part, intelligent, respectful, which have never 'til now been thoughtful, and well-argued. able to work up the nerve or the motivation. I never much read *Omen* fairly regularly, and generally found it interesting and enjoyable. At first this was because my friends would read I picked up a copy and was it at dinner the day it came out, actually offended by it(!). so I would too for something Someone working in the library warned me against it seem to have improved, how and assured me that "most ever, and I now knew several Hampshire students really members of the staff, either as weren't like that." (Of course, friends, acquaintances, or when I visited I hated Hampshire, thinking it was the way to becoming the "bitter ugliest campus I'd ever seen. older student" whose words you And here I am.) Most of my are reading today, the *Omen* first year, whenever I'd frequently seemed an island of occasionally flip through a clear thought and humor in this copy it seemed rather boring sea of sensitive reactionaries and self-indulgent (as if what I'm known as Hampshire College. writing right now isn't). During the infamous poster controversy and its aftermath, however, the paper I'd get an idea for an article, gained my sympathies. Even if and even be encouraged to the *Omen* was uneven and articles were frequently in bad taste (I thought), it didn't remotely deserve what it got, and that the only way I'd ever get the knee-jerk and doctrinaire reactions against it, which would be if I wrote regularly, but frequently seemed to flirt with I was afraid I didn't really have censorship and a benevolent-

why should I expect that anyone could possibly care about my irrelevant and pointless musings, rants and ramblings anyway?

BY NICK WOOD, CONTRIBUTOR

rather than going off on tangents or discussing their own personal philosophies and wasting everyone's time, and I thought that that might be a decent way to begin. (It is a great loss to the world that Zak is no longer writing regular articles. In addition to possessing that most rare of qualities, a genuinely original and amusing sense of humor for a brief period the best drawn comic strip to be found in any Hampshire publication, again see the light of day. This Who knows, I thought, maybe someone might even find time I actually got around to them interesting, if only as a way to kill time. After all, if I could manage to be interested in reading about Dorian's sex life every two weeks, you could probably find a reader for nearly anything. Returning to Hampshire to find the message "To the *Omen* Kids, all of you: Go to Hell!" written on the Saga whiteboard only confirmed my resolution. Maybe it's true that Hell has better company after all.

The only problem now was how to begin. Although I had a number of ideas, none of them seemed quite interesting enough, or topical enough, or what have you to make a good first article. Last year I complained a lot about the stupid things people would say in class, and was frequently told, most often by ex-*Omen* staffer Zak Kauffman, that I should write an *Omen* article about that I'd just have to write this, telling new students how something, inspired or not, to be respectful in class by get over my inertia. I thought sticking to what they were that, if truly desperate, I could supposed to be studying do the ever popular summer recap. This would probably go roughly as follows: "The first half of my summer was good. The second half was spent in excruciating pain. It was hot. I didn't see Moulin Rouge or AI, so I don't know what I thought of them. The Princess and the Warrior was very good and it's a crime that as far as I can tell, no one has seen it." Glad that's over with. Then it came to me: I could write an *Omen* article about writing an *Omen* article. So I sat down and read the last *Omen* cover to cover to make sure I had a good handle on the conversational, confessional, self-deprecating yet subtly arrogant prose style that gives most *Omen* articles their special zest, and proceeded to write the appallingly self-referential drivel you've just read. (Mother of God, that was long. Sorry, folks. Although I make no claims as to quality, I promise there'll at least be more substance next time around).



The article goblins form a human chain to protest this publication's mistreatment of the plight of starving private prisoners.



BY JEFFREY PATERNOSTRO, COLUMNIST

UNFORTUNATELY, IT'S NOT LIKE *STRIPES*

*Writer, actor, painter, philosopher,
We all work in the name of our
own immortality;*

Since it's the only thing that will finally satiate our egos.

I t's recently occurred to me that people on this campus want everyone else's ideology to completely match their own. While I'm sure this utopia would be lovely in its peace, love, happiness, and abject repression, I'm intimidated by the idea that my enlightened individual, e-mail me at jpaternostro@hampshire.edu and I will personally respond with one of those neat online greeting cards, apologizing for my unconscionable actions.)

{P.S. Actually, I won't. Go to

process, and subject oppression, I'll be a realist. I'll settle for a society where everyone is respectful of others' opinions and can have honest and fulfilling discourse about said opinions. It was probably what Socrates and Hampshire had in mind in the first place. This scenario, of course, is far more of a fairy tale than the utopia. Eventually, it will be feasible for the liberal elitists around here to scare off everyone who doesn't agree wholeheartedly with their various doctrines. For example, one could just change the school motto to "If you're conservative, we'll be intolerant towards you." No one speaks Latin anymore anyway. From there, it will be a simple matter of forcing out the students that sub-tly disagree with you. For them, I'll be a realist.

And think of it, your liberal utopia. You'll have all this one on one time with your professors, who now, fearful for their jobs and lives, will be validating every belief you have. Every piece of your personal philosophy will be confirmed and reinforced by actual adults with actual degrees. You can even print your own publication, where you have a full representation of the campus beliefs, yours! The printed word will now validate you as well. You have nothing to fear from constructive criticism, since your feelings are all that really matter in this utopian society. You might not learn anything new, but your self-esteem will be off the charts. And isn't that what a liberal arts education is all about?

So people have been handing out those little strips of paper informing the student populace that when America strikes back at her 'enemies,' people will start blowing whistles to signal it's time to have a vigil. Now, I had a good chuckle at the Pavlovian overtures of such a plan, but the deeper problem is what do they do if someone chooses not to come. A truly enlightened society can be gauged through the reactions of its citizens to those with differing opinions from their own. I truly believe this. And when those whistles blow, I'll be staying in class, my dorm room, etc. Why? It's not to protest the vigil rally, more power to you guys for

example, in the sentence that speech should be protected even if it doesn't validate someone's feelings, just leave a dead mackerel rolled up in a newspaper (finally, a use for *The Forward*) in front of their dorm room. Or if your predilections differ, a Tofukrel. The meat eaters would be next to go (N.B. The above is a satirization. However, this satirization does not refer directly or indirectly to any person, place, thing, animal, vegetable, mineral, event, or personal ethos, living or dead, past or present, real or imagined, and any resemblance organizing it. Honestly, I will most likely support the actions of the US military, out of deference for the soldiers putting their lives on the line.)

On October 19th, one of der to be idiots." Wait, you body at all times. Touch first, he greatest musical weren't thinking that? Oh oh. ask questions later. events ever will occur, You were kidding. Funny. Real Bands for this event include Slipknot, System of a and most of you probably funny. down, Rammstein, Mud- didn't even realize it. Well, it's Well, all I have to say to Down, Rammstein, Mud- not as if it's a one day event that is, "Come see for your- wayne, and American Head anything, but October 19th is the Charge. It'll be nothing only date that applies to me - since like you've ever seen be- it's the date that I'll fore - so isn't it about be seeing it, live, time that you get started? on the ground floor, no more than 10 feet away from the stage at all times.

Hartford Civic Center, Friday October 19th, at 6:30PM. Metropolitan presents "THE self!" Buy a fucking ticket, get Anybody's holiday would be incomplete ALLEGIANCE plastered before hand, and proved with a couple tickets to TOUR." Sounds great, huh?? show up ready to strip and either of these events.

Now I know what you're have your body covered in thinking. You're thinking, "This sugar and spice. And a general warning to all: don't come to some cryptacular CREED/ LIMP BIZCUIT event that if you don't want hundreds of people like Benni go to in or- people's hands all over your time.

And just one more thing: www.houseof1000corpses.com. Go there. Support the scariest film of all time.



UNFORTUNATELY...

is much smaller than it was in the past. And anyway, I highly doubt we'll be invading Afghanistan on foot anytime soon. Two, most soldiers today would probably be annoyed having someone watch their back who was six weeks previous planning to file their Div II in Writing, Religious Studies and Contemporary Asian Culture. And three, how many of us do they really think would go? Sure, patriotism is at an all time high now, but that's just because all we have to wave flags and sing "God Bless America." We're not putting our lives on the line trying to kill well-trained Afghani guerillas. Now I hope it doesn't come to that, for all of our sakes, but if I get drafted, I'm not heading to Canada. To be honest, I'm really not sure if I can kill another person, and I'll be upfront about that. I still will help out any way I can. I know I have my educational deferments (at least for now). I know I'm 5'11 and weigh all of 130 pounds. And yes, I know it's easy for me to say this, since I'm sure it will probably never happen.

Until next time, I encourage you all to download "Philosophy" by Ben Folds Five. Or better yet, support the American capitalist machine and great music by buying the goddamn album for a change.

12 OCTOBER, 2001



continuations



THE VEGAN SQUAD: CRIME FIGHTING, WRONG RIGHTING, AND LEFT WINGING, WITH NO ANIMAL ADDITIVES.

Do I have to write another article? It is October break, no one is here, and my homework doesn't need to be finished for 4 days. I feel like relaxing. I could always come up with one-liners. Everybody loves one liners, especially the stupid. They have short attention spans.

I have a few quotables, why the word has maybe some clever, and no gratiated itself into shortage of funny, but do I have an article?

There's an insupportable gripe that's been festering in me for the past few days. SE-MANTIC. The kind that riled up, I liked the makes me sound like an movie, I also place asshole, because all I'm doing is correcting your grammar.... do. I spat this out three days ago. Before I rethought it and noticed how fastidious I sound. That Mena "Do I fuck

For the sake of my skinny that loser who humped a pie example of improper word usage. white hide, I'll leave in the or the one who looks like Someone walked passed me spelling errors, because irony is funny.

I hates it when these fuckin' bitches uses the word random like they knows what it means.

RANDOM.

It doesn't mean "miscellaneous", or "thing" or "nonspecific", it means MADE, DONE, ETC., WITH-OUT METHOD OR CON-SCIOUS CHOICE.

tion. It was a Kodak moment. I cried. Cried tears. And then its from a guy who wrote for a Cybil Shepard vehicle. If you're prompt forgot. Pretty soon it became retro, fucking hip, going to learn from TV, use a call everything random. David E. Kelly. He is an articulate

"What a random tie you've late fuck, steal his got on" Unless that tie is made phrases. They'll make etc., without method or con-call everything random. Robert Downey Jr. FLAWED SENTENCE!!!



How is your yellow doing. different etc. tie. The tie cannot be random because the tie he's wearing is not "made" or selected randomly.

It is not random itself. It "done," it is being worn by the was selected. Therefore it said person. cannot be random. Notice how fucking consciousness gets in English language into my euhesophic ideal. I just want you the way of my meandering phonic thoughts??? Intrusive ain't it!

I know exactly WORD it has guidelines, and several correct applications. Unfortunately some words can't be used every way you want them to. Times like these call for SYNONYMS.

Takes this Keanu Reeves" once and threatened to sodomize Suvari said it. his friend in the eye. Who here Early on she tells would honestly support his best friend Thora choice of diction? To the kid raiser-Bitch that Ricky lig his hand, How the fuck do you used to say all sodomize someone anywhere sorts of random other than their ass? To my audi-things and that's ence, You're smart people, why they threw chances are you've spoken English somewhere between 18 and him in the institu-

tion. It was a Kodak moment. 22 years. Don't acquire bad hab- I cried. Cried tears. And then its from a guy who wrote for a Cybil Shepard vehicle. If you're prompt forgot. Pretty soon it became retro, fucking hip, going to learn from TV, use a call everything random. David E. Kelly. He is an articulate "What a random tie you've late fuck, steal his got on" Unless that tie is made phrases. They'll make etc., without method or con-call everything random. Robert Downey Jr. FLAWED SENTENCE!!!

"WTF IS ENTROPY, ANYWAYS?"

Hey kids! Today I've decided to take a journey into the unknown: the world of a gamer. I've been around for a long time but have never been a participant in such activities myself. My brother started getting into such things while I was in 7th grade and has been doing it ever since. When I came to college, I met Matthew Montgomery and what became the G2 gaming crew. So, here I am going to interview Matthew, so we may all gain insight into this strange world.

Me: What is gaming?

MM: Well, gaming can mean a lot of things. Sometimes it means just playing any kind of game, like board games or computer games. In this context, I'm guessing you mean roleplaying. In that sense, roleplaying usually involves creating a character with a background and personality and acting out that character's role in the context of a plot provided by the narrator or storyteller.

Me: What do you think of character interaction?

MM: My first game, as I mentioned, was AD&D 2nd. I don't actually remember my first character very well, but with more conventional that might have something to do with the fact that our games tended towards a more hack and slash style, with less character interaction and more die rolling and combat. :)

Me: How true do you think monkeys? the stereotype of gamers is -

MM: I like to fuck em. greasy, no social skills, etc?

Me: What is it like to sit in a lot, but I don't really think gamers? What is it like to live a much of it. Different people have their different idiosyncrasies, and this is often true of them about gaming.

MM: I dunno; a gamer is someone who just enjoys gaming, I suppose. I guess I don't really see the need for a distinction between a casual and more involved player. Someone who is more involved might talk about it a lot, or they might not.

Me: When did you first get involved in gaming?

MM: I first got into gam-

ing when I was in 9th grade. I guess I came in with a lot of aspects. Of course, I've been around for a long time but have never been a participant in such activities myself. My brother started getting into such things while I was in 7th grade and has been doing it ever since. When I came to college, I met Matthew Montgomery and what became the G2 gaming crew. So, here I am going to interview Matthew, so we may all gain insight into this strange world.

Me: What was your first game? What was your first gamers exclude themselves from others or others exclude them?

MM: Sure. It's no secret that gamers tend not to fit in with more conventional gamers. In this context, I'm guessing you mean roleplaying. In that sense, roleplaying usually involves creating a character with a background and personality and acting out that character's role in the context of a plot provided by the narrator or storyteller.

Me: How true do you think monkeys? the stereotype of gamers is -

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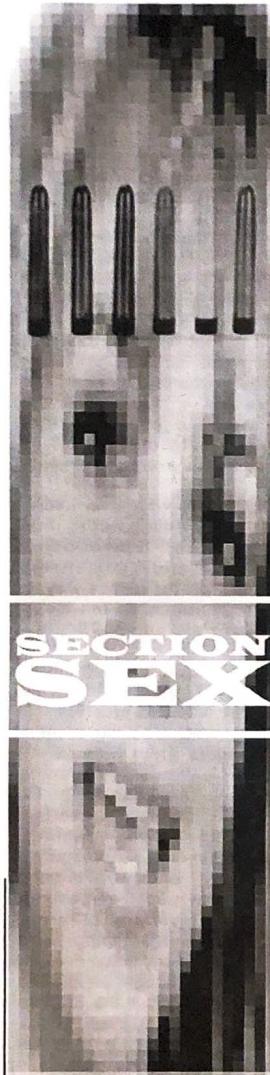
MM: It's great. I can talk to them, I suppose. I think a lot 'deeper' aspects of gaming.

Me: I don't know. I see it in the middle room with all the people. I don't really think gamers? What is it like to live a lot, but I don't really think gamers? What is it like to live a much of it. Different people have their different idiosyncrasies, and this is often true of them about gaming.

MM: I think a lot 'deeper' aspects of gaming. We didn't usually play our characters or anything, we'd just kill monsters for fun or whatever.

Me: As for social skills, well, ever. Here, though, people are really into it for all the reasons

Me: tend to see that is relatively simple. For one reason or another, gamers tend to be very



SECTION SEX



BEST LAID PLANS

For starters, before I begin who'd shared it with her. The my "real" article, here's a one who was just now lying few words. Get over it. beside her. I've lost my tolerance for other peoples' intolerance towards but they kissed like two anything remotely insulting or people, a couple, ought to controversial. Everybody's kiss. They kissed like they got a right to an opinion and a knew what they did was beautiful to express it and if you tiful, and there was no reason have problems with that you to rush such a pretty thing. He can go fuck yourself in the ear. propped himself up on one I'm sick of everyone with their arm, the other draped lazily spaces and their sensitivity across her stomach. His hand and their oppression. I'm sick caressed the flesh she was so of defending free speech and paranoid about, the softness the right to create non-fuzzy that he adored and she con-feelings in other people. Get stantly tried to hide. Her this: I have the right to cause thighs, her hips, her round anger and/or hurt in my fellow stomach: they made her feel-human beings if the only male. They made her real. He weapons I use are words. I remembered how she was won't walk on eggshells for when they first met. She anyone, and neither will many didn't want him to touch her, other writers I know, because didn't want him to see or feel we understand that free her supposed imperfections. speech is our right as Americans. That sounds vaguely patriotic, which is very not my him. She remembered how to style, but this is one instance where it's damn appropriate. He carefully unbuttoned Free speech yo. It's comin at ya.

And now for our regularly scheduled sex.

Laura walked into the giving a teasing pinch to the room, plopping down on the other breast. She smiled, bed as if she'd been doing the emitting the little moans girls same thing every day for a so often do, caressing his long time. And once upon a cheek, and running her hands time, she had. She'd probably through his short graying hair. touched every inch of this bed. Too young to be graying, re-since they'd first been intro- ally, but it suited him. As did duced, though she hadn't the new lines in his face, and been near it for a year. Yeah, the tiny amount of pudge be-she remembered this bed. ginning to form in his belly. And she remembered the man He'd changed, she realized.

BY DORIAN CLEMENTMAN, COLUMNIST

How deep did the change run? very distinct about him, some- awkward silence loomed over thing she didn't remember them. "You don't happen to with most of the boys she was have any, do you?" Laura raised an eyebrow, shock as he began to taste with. Girls, she associated with all the senses. Girls had and he laughed. "Sorry, silly preferred that. How nice, she lots of secret tastes and question. I'm sure one of my thought, that some things smells in their mouths, their roommates must have one, hadn't changed at all. breasts, the underside of their hold on." He put on a pair of

"I remember the first time arms, and certainly between boxer shorts and walked out you did this," she whispered. their legs. Boys were not of the room. Laura raised her He raised his head, smiling at her. "You couldn't stop nearly so talented in an olfactory sense, though this one and looked around the room, shaking."

"I still can't." Laura was, in fact, vibrating. Her skin tingled, almost like when your foot falls asleep. Only not at all, because it felt wonderful.

"Yes, but last time you were scared."

"I was new. I was young." "It's only been a year." Laura smiled as he went back to his job. "You'd be amazed at how much I've learned. College is such a wonderful education." Any further discussion was cut off by Laura's inability to do anything but shriek. His mouth, was of course, occupied for some time.

Eventually, she reached for him, their tall frames fitting perfectly together. She kissed him, tasting a little bit of herself on his tongue, and reached between his legs to fondle him. He rolled over onto his back, pulling her on top of him, their mouths never seeming to part.

"Oh, so I get to return the favor?" "Come here." She got up from between him and answered his command, kissing him almost desperately. Her mouth moved to his neck, as she tried her best to leave as many marks as possible. Yes, she used teeth, and she didn't please explain.

"I wouldn't complain." He winked at her as she first removed his shirt and then quickly unzipped his pants, taking him into her mouth with no further fanfare.

He tasted like she remembered. There was something

thing she didn't remember them. "You don't happen to with most of the boys she was have any, do you?" Laura raised an eyebrow,

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"I still can't." Laura was, in fact, vibrating. Her skin tingled, almost like when your he was.

"Yes, but last time you were scared."

"I was new. I was young." "It's only been a year." He'd taught her how to do this for god's sake. She'd based her technique around pleasing him. Her lips wrapped around him, her head bobbing up and down as she formed a vacuum with her mouth, sucking hard as she relaxed the back of her throat, automatically stifling her gag reflex as more of him went inside her. The pace and intensity continued to increase, but before he got too far...

"Come here." She got up from between him and answered his command, kissing him almost desperately. Her mouth moved to his neck, as she tried her best to leave as many marks as possible. Yes, she used teeth, and she didn't please explain.

"I thought you liked me." Laura bit her lip, trying not to cry in front of him.

"I do." "I thought you wanted me." "Of course I do. Laura, please explain."

"She smiled sadly and knew how he felt about it. No turned towards the ashtray. He doubt his roommates loved "What can I say, Jay? You don't smoke."

"And she ran out of the apartment, not daring to look back.

Jay stared at the ashtray. "What can I say. She's right."





DEAR PHYS. PLANT: ROTATE FPH PLZ.

So I'm booting up my computer this morning, and I notice that the Windows 2000 boot-up screen says "Built on NT Technology". Now, NT of the college's key academic steep-ass staircase. The stairs stands for New Technology. I don't mean to suggest that the entrance to the campus. Microsoft doesn't proofread their own damn operating system, but I'm a little spooked by the idea that the Bill Gates probably thinks that his cash comes from an "ATM machine".

On that note, when was the last time you took a good look around this campus and realized how freaky-looking it is? Let's say you're approaching Hampshire on West Street, passing not a single academic building along the way, and you turn onto the main driveway. So far, so good: you're turning and ascending, a clear metaphor for the high academic standards that Hampshire sets and other such bullshit. Now you reach the first intersection, continue towards the library, and stop at the flagpole. What do you see?

Well, in the distance ahead you see Cole, and in the distance, Enfield, or as I like to call it, "Fisher-Price My First Apartment Complex"). Not a bad vista, although considering this average visitor's first perspective on the campus, we could do better. Oh, but it gets worse. Look to the left. What do you see? Merrill! Some trees? That big ol' rock? No, you see FPH's butt. One sloping hill replaced by a about this already, the college Prescott, home of many balls every Accepted Students' Day by hanging a big "WELCOME TO HAMPSHIRE COL-

into the side of the hill, with the space between the two buildings leveled, and the case, difficult enough to negotiate when you're sober, if we don't feel dumb enough to cruelly leads the way to the collective eye-drunken hipsters. (Side note: the idea that the Bill Gates probably thinks that his cash comes from an "ATM machine".) Day by hanging a big "WELCOME TO HAMPSHIRE COL-

LEGE" sign on the front of FPH film team.)

Now, I've leafed through the college's 1992 master plan, and it's not like the powers that be don't realize there's a problem; hell, the master plan even has maps that show which views are nice and which aren't. But naturally, picking FPH up and rotating it so that prospective students don't have to sneak in the back isn't an option. In the back isn't an option. When you get right down to it, I'm complaining about something I can't change. I guess that makes me an activist. But

I will not go so far as to ask who designed this hodge-podge of a campus, because I'm somebody will probably tell me, and it will probably turn out to be somebody important as a Pong paddle. To the right of place next to, well, anything else: I actually like this camp-

tural reason (i.e. to explain the out to be someplace important about the steep staircase near a little drab, they've got a certain charm (cool basements) that makes them acceptable. I just wish

you've the RCC, and in the distance, Art Barn? It seems like somebody was doing some self-waffling on whether or not acceptable. I just wish

you've the Art Barn? It seems like somebody was doing some self-waffling on whether or not acceptable. I just wish

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ROCCO INTERVIEWS DIRTY ANAL KELLY

BY KARL MOORE, COLUMNIST

Today I had friend of mine and worker-co: Dirty sotto alla agnello, they gave me Anal Kelly! I quote for dog slop! If I in Afghanistan and her issue before last- now I bring her to talk! Only not is she hot adult porn star she also has a master's degree in Sciencea Politica from University of Pisa. She here to tell me about Afghanistan. Is always in news now-days, but I am not up in my current event.

Rocco: Hello, Dirty Anal Kelly.

Dirty Anal Kelly: (Because she is little squeaky cause she is little squeaky)

K: Oh, is so tiny, is no exist! Entire country has only 1973 Mercedes sedan and 1977 Volkswagen mini-bus!

R: Is horrible! No compare to Lamborghini, Ferrari, Ducati?

DAK -oops, is only K: No, no. Only one voice, **sotto voce**, I am make man in Kandahar good all her talk appear on italics, with machines- but sew-as her voice is beautiful in soft ing macnines, no car!

K: Oh, is so tiny. No worry about. Like my Italia.)

R: Is almost as bad Hello. But my name is not as U.S.! Dirty Anal Kelly- is simple Kelly.

K: Ha ha oh! Yes! R: Mistake is mine. You drive American car? DAK -oops, is only K: Oh, R: Once, unfortunate. It is so tiny. No worry about. handle like suspension of goat series is also famous. Oh, R: Tell me about Afghanistan. bones!

K: Oh, so sorry. What else Afghan you want know?

R: Intricate plot? I no like! People will find it hard following! K: Oh, no no, plot more intricate from logistical point of standing. It mainly jobs of blowing and steamy anal sex, but all over Italia- Genoa, Pisa, Parma- even Sicilia! Hell will be travel coordinating!

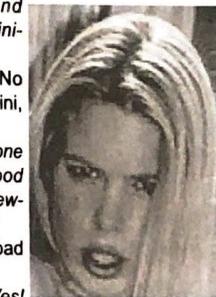
R: Sounding like fun. You invite me without doubt? K: Of course, silly! Oh, ha! R: Oh, you nasty bitch! Let you ask ha ha! There is not food on there- Taliban regime is virulently misogynistic, yes. No woman can show in country there!

R: Not food here in West of Massachusetts either! I sorry if you consider Chili's Riblet Plat-

ter such! R: Oh! Is horrible! Horrible! Arrivederci Hampshire! Working hard and long, ha ha!

K: Ha! Ha! Ha! I knowing that

ROCCOLOGY





SECTION SWEET

THE THIRD ARTICLE

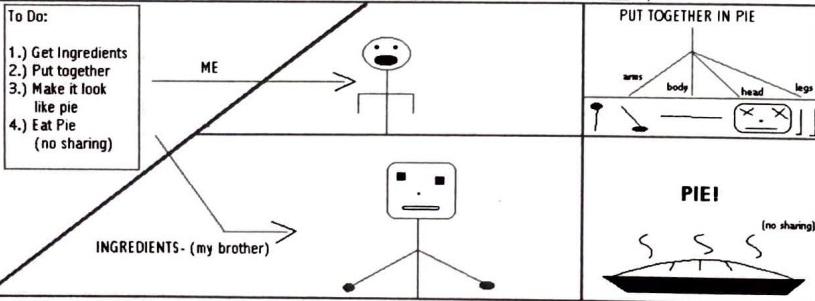
Aright, this is it. This is can feel myself bleeding out the fifth Omen article thought. I have power over my life started and this one own thought this will happen Will be finished. I will not stop this will be an article or ILL typing until something worth- EAT MY FUCKING HAT The while comes out of my third article. Once you are compute. It is the computer's written, my sweet, I will have fault, you know, I am never out my own graphic, which is, let's of ideas. I surprise myself with face it, why we all write any- my feats of creativity and way. I will be someone prowess. And if you think it's associated with writing. I'll get easy to surprise me, well, sir, to be a reporter gal, to wear a fedora and sit on desks and speak like Jennifer Jason Leigh in The Hudsonucker Proxy. And there will be Bruce Campbell to bandy with and Cary Grant and.... Dorian. The war will stop and everyone will be happier. The world is full of topics, that which we all hope My worlds full of topics that to achieve, the THIRD AR- are worth discussing, issues TICLE. And though there are that could change lives if I typeos everywhere and I can thought about them, feel myself flying over the key- I just need seven board as if this mattered to hundred words. anyone other than myself I Or 285.

3

BY JEFFREY PATRISTRO, COLUMNIST



COOKING WITH ME!



BY AARON BUCHSBALM, CONTRIBUTOR



WRESTLING AND POSTMODERNISM

BY JEFFREY PATRISTRO, COLUMNIST

What worked:

- Jericho/Rock v. RVD/Shane was good for what it was. I can also always appreciate someone bleeding for their craft, and Jericho tapped a gusher. This is even more impressive considering it was off of Shane's suckass bulldog. Jericho and Rock brawling in the locker room was great too, and I like that they didn't have Jericho go full on heel right away. Rock should have been more of a bastard and punched Jericho in the cut, though.

- Edge's theme music is really, really cool, and he is getting scary, scary over with the fans. Edge v. Christian at No Mercy might make both of their careers.

- Christian giving the kid his sunglasses than taking them back is a brilliant bit of old school heeldom.

- Molly getting a clean pin over Lita. It was just a nice touch, on a night with almost no clean finishes.

- Hurricane Helms is still funny, but we'll see how long that lasts.

What didn't work:

- Lots
- More specifically, Austin/ Angle was flat, probably the worst of their three big matches in the last few months. The Regal turn was pathetically predictable,

since its like every heel turn ing with Lita, rather than each they've done in a year. The writers really, really suck.

- The opening six man was criminally short, and the activities afterwards are probably going to go nowhere. Just turn the Dudleyz face again, before you kill them.
- X-Pac.....on my TV.
- Edge/Rhyno was way too short.

- Debra was probably at her least annoying tonight, and she's still here. That should say something.

- The Hardyz title win had no build, and I have a snaking suspicion it will just lead to another unification match at No Mercy.

- Overall, the writing is on cruise control right now. Everyone is just waiting until Rock/Austin fight again, and what you get is a horribly botched title reign for Angle, and no attention to logic in the undercard. They have two weeks until a PPV and maybe three matches announced, one of which is a lingerie match.

- Christian giving the kid his sunglasses than taking them back is a brilliant bit of old school heeldom.

- Molly getting a clean pin over Lita. It was just a nice touch, on a night with almost no clean finishes.

Other things I noticed:

- Tajiri got to do all of two moves on RAW, and was wrestling Dreamer on HeAT. He still gets a great pop. The WWF has no idea what they have.
- The Hardyz are flamboyant enough, they don't need any more weird homoerotic overtones. Shouldn't they be shower-

MONDAY NIGHT RAW WORKRATE REPORT: 10/8/01

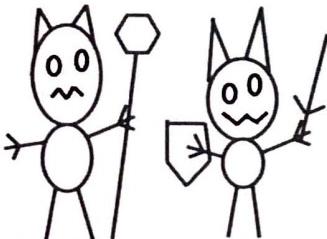
"HARLOT RANDOM ENCOUNTER TABLE"

Excerpt from pg. 192 of the "Advanced Dungeons & Dragons Dungeon Master's Guide," 1st Ed.:

"Harlot encounters can be with brazen strumpets or haughty courtesans, thus making it difficult for a party to distinguish each encounter for what it is. (In fact, the counter could be with a dancer only prostituting herself as it pleases her, an elderly madam, or even a pimp.) In addition to the offering of the usual fare, the harlot is 30% likely to know valuable information, 15% likely to make something up in order to gain a reward, and 20% likely to be, or work with, a thief. You may find it useful to use the sub-table below to see which sort of harlot encounter takes place:

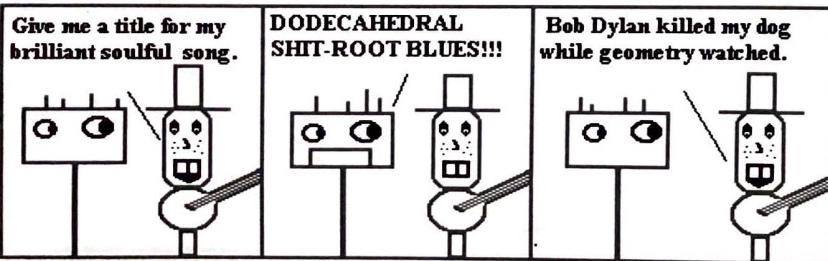
01 - 10	Slovenly Trull	76 - 85	Expensive Doxy
11 - 25	Brazen Strumpet	86 - 90	Haughty Courtesan
26 - 35	Cheap Trollop	91 - 92	Aged Madam
36 - 50	Typical Streetwalker	93 - 94	Wealthy Procress
51 - 65	Saucy Tart	95 - 98	Sly Pimp
66 - 75	Wanton Wench	99 - 00	Rich Panderer

An expensive doxy will resemble a gentlewoman, a haughty courtesan a noblewoman, the other harlots might be mistaken for goodwives, and so forth."



The article gobblins encounter a harlot.

UNOFFICIAL SCREAMIN' STEVEN



FIVE COLLEGE RANDOM ENCOUNTER TABLE: NOW ON D20 SYSTEM!!!

The procedures and tables for determining random encounters in the Valley remain pretty much the same. You'd think things would change, but, go figure. If you don't have the statistics for some of these monsters, there's probably something wrong with you. But we'll be publishing them anyway. We are legally required to inform you that you will need the 3rd Edition Player's Handbook to fully use this table.

- 01-03: Book-Tape Lady
- 04-06: That Guy on the Bus (you know, that guy)
- 07: Jesse
- 08-09: Steel Drum Player
- 10-11: Frat Boys (See description on page 192 of the DMG, 1st edition)
- 12: LARPers
- 13: Demon, Greater (Sub table to appear in future issue of the *Omen*)
- 14-17: Hippies (See sub table in later issue of the *Omen*)
- 18-19: Skateboarding Pack
- 20: "Hey, got a quarter?"
- 21-24: Fuck, Pretentious (Sub table to appear in later issue of the *Omen*)
- 25: Guy/Chick, Naked
- 26-27: CS Professor
- 28: Gnolls
- 29-30: Squirrel, Dire
- 31: Frisbee Player
- 32: Street Toughs/ Bikers
- 33: Batman
- 34-37: Mt. Holyoke student (See description on page 192 of the DMG, 1st edition)
- 38: Gelatinous Cube
- 39-41: Smithie
- 42: Elemental, Pot
- 43-44: Crazy Street Person (Sub table to appear in later *Omen*)
- 45-46: Postgraduate "Student"
- 47: Kolbolds
- 48-49: Freak with sword (Sub table to appear in later *Omen*)
- 50: Swamp Creature (Modling)
- 51: Paladin
- 52-54: Llama, Attack
- 55: Flumph
- 56-58: Animal, Domestic
- 59-60: Dog, New-Guinea Singing
- 61-62: Horde, Mongol
- 63-64: HCRP
- 65-66: Lizard Man
- 67-68: Fairy, Acid
- 69-70: Air Elemental, Inactive
- 71-72: Priest, Evil
- 73-74: Flail Snail
- 75-76: Adventurers
- 77-79: Nosferatu
- 80-82: Snobs, Amherst
- 83-88: First Year (Sub table to appear in later *Omen*)
- 89-90: Totoro
- 91-00: Cthulu

Next issue: Sub tables and monster stats!!!



"WTF IS ENTROPY, ANYWAYS?"**continuations**

MM: In high school, we were primarily concerned with the cool stuff our characters could do. We didn't really create any sort of personality to play, so that was about all that we had. And there's not anything really wrong with that; we were self conscious, and we just wanted to have some non-emotionally loaded fun.

Here, though, we're mature (or whatever) enough to feel comfortable acting in front of one another. We are more concerned with cool characters with cool powers, as opposed to just cool powers. :)

Seriously, though; we are more into plot and characters, the more difficult but more rewarding side of gaming. There's nothing like pushing the limits of what you thought you could create and act out, and having your friends respect you all the more for it.

Me: Do you think it is hard to become one of that crowd?

MM: I don't think so, but it might be. Ironically enough, a lot of people find us to be intimidating! I can kind of understand that; we all know each other, and we're all on the same wavelength in a lot of ways, so approaching us and trying to 'fit in' can seem rather daunting. My best advice would be just to sit down and hang out... talk to people. I'm not sure what to say beyond that; we don't really have any kind of structure. We just sit around, hang out, and talk about all things geeky.

Me: What is your favorite role-playing game? **MM:** I'd have to say that

'Mage: The Ascension' is my favorite roleplaying game.

Me: What is a run? What is your favorite run you've been a part of?

MM: A run is just a roleplaying session where everyone gets together and plays. It's great, because everyone's getting into character, and the ST (often, Dan) is getting everything together. There's this slight tinge of anticipation in the air.

My favorite run? That's tough. I've had a lot of good ones where I was able to do something I wasn't able to do, or when something really cool happened. One of the funniest ones was when my character (a former vampire) was having an awful day and decided to take it out on reality. It was quite amusing.

Me: What was your favorite character you've played?

MM: My favorite character thus far? Well, up until recently, my favorite character was the one I first created since I came to Hampshire. He started off very similar to myself, and ended up becoming very distant from what I originally created.

Recently, though, I created one of the most damned complicated characters I have ever conceived. I wasn't even sure I'd be able to play him... I've only played him a little bit, but so far, he's been a lot of fun to try to play. There's a lot that makes him tick, and it's hard to keep all of him in my head at once so I can really get inside his head.

Me: What do you think the plot of the coolest game/run allows you to understand patterns

would be?

MM: I dunno; I think anything could be cool if you pulled it off well enough. One thing that would be difficult to pull off, but would be really fucking cool would be a run that involved some really intense combat that ended up feeling like an action movie. Conspiracy stuff is really damned cool, too.

Me: And the question that has been burning in my mind for years, what the hell is entropy anyways?

MM: Hahah.. Well, entropy has two meanings. There's entropy, in terms of science, and then there's Entropy in terms of Mage. Entropy in science refers to the eventual demise of all energy in the universe. The idea goes that eventually, the universe will expend all of its energy, and become an unreactive morass of stuff.

Entropy in Mage is something different. Entropy refers to the breakdown of reality, in both a physical and metaphysical sense. It is concerned with the understanding and manipulation of fate and probability. It's also my favorite Sphere (category of magic for those of you that don't play Mage).

Me: I still don't understand. How would you use it?

MM: Well, there's something you have to understand about Mage, specifically magic. Magic is divided into 9 areas of influence, or Spheres. Entropy is one of them. In each of those Spheres, there are 5 levels of understanding.

The first level of Entropy allows you to understand patterns

DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST XIX

by M. Zole

www.zole.orgARE YOU GETTING
ENOUGH GLORP?

1 2

WHAT'S UP WITH
THIS "GLORP" I
HEAR ALL THE KIDS
TALKING ABOUT?

1 2

DOES GLORP GROW
ON TREES?

1 2

IS GLORP RICH
IN POTASSIUM?

1 2

WHAT IS THE
U. S. RECOMMENDED
DAILY ALLOWANCE
OF GLORP?

1 2

This message brought
to you by the Glorp
Harvesters' Union
of America (GHUA)

1 2

OH MY GOD! I'M
FULL OF OATMEAL!

1 2

and systems, and through that the best parking place by those patterns. So, instead of understanding, you can find a weaving your way through a having to predict the outcome of pattern's strengths and weaknesses. In real life terms, you implies is that everything has change the outcome of the die might be able to predict the a pattern (or lack of pattern), roll; influence events that it just outcome of a die roll; you and when you understand that so happens that the best parking might be able to find the weakest point in a piece of glass; advantage. Higher levels let you affect you might also be able to find a bunch of cars. What all of this a die roll, you could actually cause that piece of glass to break.



"They are annoying balls of fur that yap and bark and then grow up to dumb creatures that try to hump your leg"

"Lets get one thing straight. Puppies are not cute"

"Every time I see a puppy I think how much fun it would be to kick it."

annoying hump y
ot cute dumb cr

Had I been capable of reading I would be really sad right now. My owner came home one night and cried himself to sleep. He was sad because he did not realize people could hate cute little puppies like me. I love everyone. Look how cute I am. I'M SO CUTE! Would you like to pet me? I like to chase cats.

love,
Jetta



Jetta

"I love everyone!"